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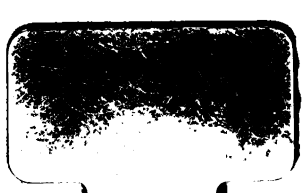

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS AND BALLADS

CHIEFLY IN THE

DIALECTS OF CUMBERLAND AND THE ENGLISH AND SCOTCH BORDERS.

BY

JOHN RAYSON.

LONDON: PIPER, STEPHENSON, AND SPENCE.
CARLISLE: CHARLES THURNAM AND SONS, ENGLISH STREET.
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TO HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE LOUIS LUCIEN BONAPARTE,

AS A SLIGHT ACKNOWLEDGMENT

OF THE INTEREST HE TAKES IN THE LOCAL DIALECTS OF

ENGLAND,

THESE EFFUSIONS

OF A CUMBRIAN MUSE ARE RESPECTFULLY AND

GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THE

AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE Author begs leave to apologize in venturing to introduce his rhymes again to the notice of his numerous patrons, some of which appeared when he was little more than fourteen years of age, and he is not unconscious of their many imperfections; but as they have been repeated and sung by the companions of his youth, like early affections, he would not like to make any alterations in them; therefore those juvenile effusions, in their original form, must be given to the public along with those of mature age.

Clio's Life of the Author, as advertised with the History of his Wrongs, has extended to a larger form than was originally intended, and is considered by his advisers too voluminous for the present edition; and in its place a literary gentleman, whose name we are not at liberty to mention, has kindly supplied the following brief Memoir. Clio's Life of the Author is intended to be published at some future period, along with the Satirical Ballads, which will explain the several characters mentioned therein.

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MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

JOHN RAYSON, the author of the accompanying poems and songs, was born about the beginning of the present century at Aglionby, in the parish of Warwick, within three miles of Carlisle. In this part of Cumberland his father's family resided for several centuries. On his mother's side he is descended from an old border family named Story, of the Lake, Kirklinton. Nearly related to his maternal grandfather, was the heroine of the well-known border ballad, the "Water of Line," who was drowned during a flood whilst attempting to cross the river Line on her pony.

Whilst the subject of this memoir was yet young, his father removed to Newtown, in the parish of Irthington, near Brampton, having let his estate at Aglionby. Here young Rayson became a pupil of a son of the oldest inhabitant of Cumberland, Robert Bowman, who died in 1823, aged 119. After the lapse of a few years Mr. Rayson returned to Aglionby, designing to bring up his three sons to agricultural pursuits. Young Rayson was therefore only allowed to attend school during winter, as is still common with country children, the summer being spent in the fields. During this early period of his life, Rayson it appears commenced writing verses, having even the boldness to show them to his teacher, who, he says, kindly pointed out the faults of his compositions, and encouraged him to proceed.

Robert Anderson, the Cumbrian Bard, in his journeys to and from Corby Castle, where he was at all times a welcome visitor, frequently called at Mr. Rayson's house. In going to Corby, Anderson could easily be prevailed upon to remain some days at Aglionby, but not for any consideration would he stay a night on his return. In fact, Anderson invariably brought back with him from Corby substantial tokens of the kind patronage of the Howard family. One of young Rayson's earliest productions was written on the occasion of one of these visits, and entitled "Lines on Robert Anderson, the Cumbrian Bard."

Another of the early productions of our young bard may be mentioned here—"Lines on visiting Miss Blamire's Grave." His earliest composition in the Cumberland dialect, "Jean, forty years hae flown away," was written when he was fourteen years of age. Soon after he became a regular contributor to "*The Citizen*," a periodical well known in Carlisle many years ago, and still remembered by the older inhabitants.

The young poet appears to have had no love for a farming life, which he abandoned as soon as possible to learn the business of a draper at Carlisle. This occupation he also relinquished, and after some time spent in teaching a school in his native village, he was induced to enter into business in Carlisle, which, in the course of a few years, circumstances obliged him to relinquish. He set out for London, where he obtained employment as a draper's assistant; and from thence, after fulfilling engagements at Bristol and Bath, he returned home by way of Sunderland. During his sojourn in London he contributed several articles to the "*Apollo Magazine*."

Rayson's principal anxiety to return home was that he might see

his mother, who was then in bad health. He reached his native village late at night to find that his mother had been buried that very day. He was still only twenty years of age. After some consideration he determined on setting up a school at Eamont Bridge, near Penrith, the birth-place of Ritson, well known in Cumbrian literature. He was subsequently for some time clerk to the late Anthony Preston, J.P., and Chairman of the Penrith Board of Guardians, who was then practising as an attorney; but the salary being small, he relinquished this employment, and became a village schoolmaster in different parts of Cumberland. At length he was appointed to the endowed school at Blackwell, about two miles from Carlisle; he was also superintendent teacher in Mr. Ferguson's Sunday school at Cummersdale. He remained at Blackwell school four or five years, and whilst there was a warm advocate of the temperance cause. Conversazioni of teetotallers from the country about were regularly held at the school at Blackwell, and yearly tea parties bore testimony to the progress and advancement of total abstinence. On the whole, Mr. Rayson looks back with pleasure on the time he spent at Blackwell, as the happiest period of his life.

Mr. Rayson resigned his situation at Blackwell to undertake the superintendence of a mendicity institution then first established at Carlisle. The object of the society that promoted this charity, was to afford relief to the really necessitous, who, from being unable to obtain work or other causes, might find themselves houseless for a night within the city. After a trial of two or three years the institution was unfortunately found to be a failure, and on the issuing of a report to that effect by the superintendent, the institution

was completely and finally broken up. In the garret of the house in which this mendicity office was held, for some time studied Samuel Bough, the landscape painter, his *atelier* being kindly allowed him by the superintendent free of charge.

After the breaking up of the mendicity institution, Mr. Rayson again attempted business in Carlisle, was a collector of rates for the township of Botchergate, and thus continued until the year 1845, when he obtained the situation of assistant overseer of the Penrith Union. Here he received the additional appointments of superintendent of vagrants and inspector of nuisances, and for some time acted as clerk to the magistrates of Leath Ward. He has no longer any desire to recall the unpleasant circumstances connected with the latter part of the period during which he held these appointments, and which led to his resignation thereof; it must suffice therefore to say, that having taken upon him too many offices he fell the "victim of designing knaves." He resigned the assistant overseership in the year 1849, and left Penrith for some time to reside near Carlisle.

During his last residence in Penrith, Mr. Rayson married; and now, at the date of the publication of these poems, he is again living near Penrith at the Beacon-side, keeps an accountant's office in the town, and reports for some of the local papers the cases that come before the magistrates of Leath Ward.

POEMS.

THE AULD PAUPER.

We're auld and feeble now, Jean,
Our days will not be lang;
They've telt me at the Board, Jean,
To workhouse we mun gang:
My heart was lyke to break, Jean,
But them I could not bleame,
They said it was not law, Jean,
To give us bread at heame.

We've toil'd together lang, Jean,
Content wi' frugal fare;
'Tis hard to part us now, Jean,
When we can work nae mair:

We'll for our few days left, Jean,
Be frae each other torn;
I hop'd we would hae died, Jean,
In peace where we were born.

'Twas hard when our three sons, Jean,
Aw nearly up to men,
And fit to dui us guid, Jean,
Death summon'd yen by yen;
And that sweet lass in Heaven, Jean,
Whae taught us how to pray—
At neet I hear her voice, Jean,
Oft calling us away.

We'll hae nae mair a heame, Jean,
Till we're amang the blest,
Where wicked cease oppressing,
"And weary are at rest;"
Sae dry thy falling tears, Jean,
It gives my bosom pain,
We'll meet where cruel laws, Jean,
Will ne'er part us ageane.

THE AULD MAID'S LETTER.[1]

AIR—"*Nae luck about the house.*"

O LASS, I's wantin thy advice,
Let me dui aw I can,
I really now begin to think
I'll never get a man:
Beath thee and every lass I ken
Hae sweethearts still enew;
Some ten—I'd be content wi' yen—
E'en ony body now.

Lang Bet's got Jemmy o' the How,
And Nanny, Willy Green;
But deil a yen will cross our duir,
I wonder what they mean:
Jen Brown has winkin' Neddy Gill,
Our Nelly, Johnny Slee;
Keate Greame has little Tommy Bell,
But there's nae chap for me.

I went to Matty's murry neet,
In hopes to meet you there,
But had to toddle heame mysel—
I'll ne'er get yen I fear.
O dear, I's weary o' my leife,
Still doulin here aleane,
There was a tealor offer'd yence—
I wish he'd try ageane.

Could thou not give the Laird a hint
What a guid weife I'd meck,
Although he's rather up in years,
Him I wad gladly teck.
Thou kens I spack a word for thee,
To farmer Allan's Kit;
And yae guid turn, the saying is,
Another sud begit.

P.S.—I'd penn'd this far, than sat and seigh'd,
And thought that aw was lost;
When, lo! a rap com to the duir—
Whae was't but Hall the post?

He brong a leine frae the auld Laird,
Whae says he'll meck me his;
Sae I hae jump'd frae black dispair
Till topmost height o' bliss.

He says they're aw sae thrang at wark,
To court he has lal time;
But he will spare an hour to neet,
And tell me aw his meine:
Sae get thy claes a fettle, Jen,
The bridesmaid thou mun be;
Oh! lass, the Queen, for happiness,
Is nought compar'd to me.

THE AULD BACHELOR'S LETTER.

AIR—"*Tibby Fowler o' the Glen.*"

WHAT Wully, lad, the times are chang'd,
I yence could boast o' sweethearts mony;
Though lang I had abuin a scwore,
I's fairly bet now keeping ony.

Thou kens Jen Green tuik Gwordy Hill—
She said her heart turn'd caul wi' waitin';
Nell Young went off wi' Kitty How,
And Betty Brown wi' Jack o' Hayton.

And others left me, yen by yen,
Till I've grown gray about the haffet,
And liv'd to prove a Bachelor,
When auld just sarra fwoke to laff at.
I writ to Nancy tudder day,
But she's taen on wi' limpin' Harry;
She tells me I sud learn to pray,
For I's now far ower auld to marry.

I penn'd a leine to Mally next,
And said some neet I wad be comin';
She sent me word I need not fash,
I was nae fit for decent woman.
Then Jenny Muir I bought a gown—
I thought she wad hae prov'd a true en;
She says "just teck't away to Keate,
The yen through lees thou brong to ruin."

Oh Wully, wantin' woman's luive,
What aw the riches o' the warel?
In vain I try to sooth my care
By teastin sups o' Matty's barrel.
Nought human I can caw my awn—
Nae wife, nor sweetheart, son or doughter—
But she whase mudder says is mine,
Nae dought o' that, for dear I bought her.

I wish I'd nobbit married young—
I've nought but sarvants riving frae me;
And what is war, now turning auld,
Neane for mysel aleane wad hae me.
Through life I hae been tost about
Just like a ship widout a rudder;
To mend part o' the ills I've duin,
I'll just wed Keate, that lass's mudder.

THE WORTON BOGGLE.[2]

TUNE—"*Betsy Baker.*"

WEY Davie, hes te heard the news
About the Worton boggle?
It's turn'd the clock the wrang side up,
And meade the house aw joggle.
What awsome sights there's to be seen;
Our Matt was there on Sunday,
And saw the cradle wi' the bairn
Gan bashing through the window.

Aw things were strow'd about the house
In sec confus'd disorder—
The varra plates began to speak,
The yeck kist cried out murder;
The auld kale-pot rang like a bell,
Great stanes cam through the ceiling;
The barn, just like a drunken man,
Frae side to side was reeling.

The pot flew out the chimney top,
Bricks fell down wi' a rumble;
The tables, forms, and copy-stuils
About the fluir did tumble;
Daft Bet was drawn into the clouds
Wi' cords about her middle;
The chairs were dancing round and round;
Auld Nick play'd on the fiddle.

Our wisest men o' Worton went—
Amang them Doctor Stowbuck;
At heame he's caw'd a clever chap,
At Pearith, Neddy Hawbuck:
They saw sec seets, and telt sec teales,
Which meade aw gape and wonder;
They heard sec weyld, unearthly shouts
As loud as ony thunder.

Ye fell-side bodies me allow
To be yer friend adviser;
Sec fancies suin will leave your heads
When yer a little wiser.

Ye fuils o' Worton wisdom learn,
Nor be sec weak believers,
Yer neighbours at the Boggle Haw
Are nought but base deceivers.

THE FLOWER O' THEM A'.

AIR—"*Jessie.*"

WHEN winter's cauld blasts destroy Nature's fair grande'r,
And darkness steals on ere the mid afternuin,
Wi' heart warm'd by luive, in the e'ening I wander,
Ay, proud to meet Annie by light o' the muin:
If stormy the wind o'er the mountains be blawin',
And valleys around are a' cover'd wi' sna',
I heed nae wild winds, nor the sleet sharply fawin',
Ay, fain to see Annie, the flower o' them a'.

My plaid she ay hangs near the ingle when dreepin',
Her sweet rosy smile her cauld lover can warm;
"Oh! pity," she'll say, "tou has got sec a steepin',"
It pruives to puir Annie how fain tou wad charm;

When seated together, ay cheerfu' and smilin',
How short seem the hours till I wander awa';
Oh! woe to the wretch wha delights in beguilin',
May he ne'er see Annie, the flower o' them a'.

She's modest and cheerfu', a witching young creature,
Wi' ripe rosy cheeks and twa bonny black een;
The blessing o' health she ay shows in ilk feature,
Ane sweeter in Britain nae mortal has seen.
When seated by Annie, I'm ever delighted,
For nane in her conduct could e'er find a fla';
The wish o' my heart is to be suin united
Wi' Annie, the pride and the flower o' them a'.

THE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.[3]

AIR—"*John Anderson, my Jo*."

'Tis forty years to-day, luive,
Sin' Heaven meade thee meyne;
Our days are nar an en', luive,
But we will ne'er repeyne:

We've hed to struggle hard, luive,
Through monie a weary year,
When wark was varra scarce, luive,
And bread was varra dear.

Sometimes bow'd down wi' care, luive,
I felt e'en fairly duin,
But seet o' heame and thee, luive,
Aye kept my heart abuin:
When seated by thy seyde, luive,
Thou'd aw my cares beguile;
When prospects were the warst, luive,
Thou never ceas'd to smile.

To keep free o' the Board, luive,
We hed a weary teyme,
Their hard inhuman laws, luive,
Make poverty a creyme;
Thur guardians o' the puir, luive,
Deveyne laws often breck,
For man and wife they part, luive,
And make their heame a wreck.

But bairns gat scraffl'd up, luive,—
A blessing they have been,—
For sin we gat them bits o' trades
Nae want we've ever seen:
We've bairns and gran'-bairns now, luive,
Outnumbering a scwore;
Wi' sec a stock as that, luive,
Neane can be counted puir.

When musing o' past days, luive,
I think now it does seem
Just like a visionary bliss,
A fond and happy dream;
And though thou's not as fair, luive,
As in our wedding year,
Nor those dark eyes as bright, luive,
To me thou's still as dear.

There's yae thing I would wish, luive,
When on my bed o' death—
Dui thou, while sitting by my head,
Receive my parting breath;

And when thy teyme is come, luive,
(Thou'll not hae lang to beyde,)
I wish that in our auld kirk-yard
We may lie seyde by seyde.

THE BLOOMERS.*

Wey has te been at Carl, Dick,
To hear the Bloomer's speeches?
Man-woman o' the doubtful sex,
Whae wants to wear the breeches:
There's Keaty Bell and Sally Green
Hae kick'd up sec a racket,
And say they'll wear their frocks nae mair,
But each wull have a jacket.

And there's that madcap, sister Bet—
A silly, thoughtless donnet—
Had thrown her guid silk hat aside
And wore a Jim Crow bonnet;

* A Bloomer was lecturing in Carlisle at the time the ballad was written.

But fadder catch'd her wid it on,
And at her trousers flouncing,
When he reach'd down the servant's whip
And gave the jade a trouncing.

There's Randy Bet, o' Bottle Row,
Whae keeps twae graceless lasses,
Has dress'd them up in Bloomer style
To draw in simple asses;
And there's auld Joe, o' Cuckold Haw—
A drunken, senseless noodle—
Has bought his wife a Bloomer dress
Yae neet when on the fuddle.

We pity ony silly man
Whose wife's become a Bloomer;
I'd take her to the river seyde,
And in the water swoom her;
Then draw her frae the fluid ageane,
And when her jacket's dripping
I'd make her stan' upon the bank
And get a good horse whipping.

THE TOM CAT.

THOU'S wander'd frae thy heame, Tom,
Past thy accustom'd rouns,
And left thy own grimalkins here
For cats o' other towns;
Thou'lt be, nae doubt, ere lang, Tom,
Catch'd in the poacher's snare,
Or kill'd wi' dogs and guns, Tom,
Then we'll see thee nae mair.

Thy milk's ay set for thee, Tom,
And has been aw the week;
The mice now, as they run, Tom,
In every corner squeak:
They care not for the kitten, Tom,
That play'd wi' thee at neet;
It often mews for thee, Tom,
And makes yen wae to see't.

It luiks oft in the garden, Tom,
Where thou wast last time seen,
And runs aw roun about the house
Where thou and it have been.
It has nae cat to play with now,
To chase it round the room;
It will not jump at ribbons now,
But sits in silent gloom.

Thou'd lal to do but eat, Tom,
And lie in cushan'd chair;
Thou kens not when thou's weel, Tom,
Thou's ower like monie mair—
Just like the houseless wanderer,
Who happy might hae been,
But ranks amang the vagabonds,
The meanest o' the mean.

When thou is far frae heame, Tom,
Thou'll miss auld Crummy's milk,
Which meade thee fat and fair, Tom,
Wi' skin like ony silk.

My money's spent, and credit's geane,
Lang I've been on the batter;
I'll bid farewell to rum and yel,
And start to drinking watter.

Ny aching head this crownless hat
Now cannot keep the weet off;
My stockings, now part of a pair,
The dirt has rot the feet off:
Wi' taes aw sticking through my shoes,
I weade amang the slatter;
But friends I dress'd as well as you
When I was drinking watter.

The revelry at Snaffle's tap*
To me it was alluring,
But when I turn'd my thoughts to heame,
'Twas torture past enduring.

* A low drunkery, the resort of the most degraded inebriates, where several criminals, including some of the trafficker's own family, may trace their ruin.

I'm nearly worn to skin and beane,
But I will suin grow fatter,
When eating only wholesome food,
And drinking nought but watter.

BRUFF REACES, 1845.[5]

Wey, Jacob, how fens te? come sit down and lissen,
I've been at Bruff Reaces and seen lots o' fun;
'Tis forty-yen years sin there's been sec a meetin'—
I've bet on the wuslin, and wun nar a pun.
There was aw maks o' fwoke, frae my lword to the beggar,
And lasses the flower o' the county were there,
Frae Banton, Pwort Carel, Kirkandrews, and Beamont,
Bruff, Bowness, Sandsfield, and I divent ken where.

There wur butchers, sheep-dealers, and Border horse-cowpers,
Auld gammelin cock-fighters frae 'bout Hethersgill,
Wi' dandy-fied shop lads, wi' gigs and post-horses,
Nae doubt, that sec wastry is paid frae the till.

In lots there wer helter-neck scybles frae Carel,
The warst o' the county come here for a fray;
Some's been on the mill, but far warse are deserving—
The Hulks, Norfolk Island, or Boteny Bay.

For wuslers the knowin' yens said they were toppers,
Young lish strapping fellows, some giants in size;
The lasses were betting, and mann'd them on gaily,
And yen for a crown tuik her lad for the prize:
The wuslin' broke up when the first roun was ower,
They telt fwoke 'twad finish at ten the next day;
Nae doubt 'twas the brass the fwoke had in their pockets,
They wanted to grab if they got them to stay.

And now lads and lasses like burds began pairing,
Some sat i' the tents, others sizeld about;
When, lo! what a bustle, they ran frae aw quarters,
"They're starting for't cup," I heard mony yen shout.
An auld chap was telling the neames o' the horses,
John Hodgson's black Routley, and Brown's filly Weed,
Wi' Wample Lass, Moonraker, Raven, and Countess,
And Harker cowt Chessy, an arrow for speed.

They off wi' a brattle, 'mang sticks and hats waving,
Wi' running, fwoke knock'd down an auld beggar man;
They betted like mad, frae a pun to a penny,
And monie look'd blue when Dick Ferguson wan.
Some scrafflins had bet wi' nae brass in their pockets,
The seame worthless gipsies that cam for a fray,
When claim'd for their weager, to sceape a guid thrashing,
They slip'd through the crowd, tuik leg bail and away.

The best o' the fun was an auld drunken parson,
Who tried for a weager a creyke for to jump;
The boys mann'd him on, but his head was not steady,
And o'er head o' water he fell wi' a plump:
He crap, as he'd preach, like a sow frae the mire,
And hearing a piper, the polka wad try,
He caper'd ('twas sheamefu') while hundreds were laughing,
And kick'd up his heels till he danc'd his sel dry.

To finish the spwort, there was haud te tongue villain,
Thou's nowt but a taglet, and not worth a meite,
Come strip if thou dar, and I'll give thee a licking,
Ay, twee sec like fellows together I'd feight;

But haybays and durdems I teck nae delight in,
For fratching and feighten can never be reet,
Sae I gat a smart lass weyld away frae her muther,
But thou munnet tell—I've been wud her aw neet.

THE INVASION.

Odds wonters! hae ye heard the news?
They say the French are comin',
Sae each yen that can bear a gun
Mun rally at the summin;
What soldiers suin we'll aw be meade,
Sae git yer guns i' fettle;
'Tis cowardly to dally now—
Rise up, and show your mettle.

We learn our exercise at neet
Frae auld Dick, yence a Ranger,
For every man mun dui his best
Whase country is in danger.

I've borrow'd Uncle Jemmy's gun
He gat frae Sargeant Yeddy;
Sae here at least, us fell-side chaps,
Cum when they will, are riddy.

The Yeomanry are grunnin swords
To join collecting levies;
Nae doubt but they will beat the French,
As yence they did the navvies;
But should they act the coward's part,
And Frenchmen git amang us,
Fareweel to Britain's liberty,
They'll meck us slaves or hang us.

THE RURAL POLICEMAN'S COMPLAINT.[e]

TUNE—"*The days when we went gipsying.*"

REMEMBER, I'm a policeman,
And head now o' the staff;
At sec like men o' consequence
Ye need nae jeer and laugh;

And if sometimes we make mistakes,
I wonder whae is free;
Sae I'll tell my grannie magistrates
If ye'll not let me be.
Sae I'll tell, &c.

The "Record" says, with too much truth,
We've never got a case
But what's been put into our hands—
That we're a town's disgrace.
They say we take the innocent,
And let the guilty free;
Sae I'll tell my grannie magistrates
If they'll not let me be.
Sae I'll tell, &c.

E'en Rayson, once our advocate,
Says we're of little use;
And Walker, in the "Mercury,"
Puts forth his slang abuse.
And one's turn'd false I thought a friend,
The greybeard Benny Slee;

Sae I'll tell my grannie magistrates
If they'll not let me be.
Sae I'll tell, &c.

They say our Sargeant trails about
As slow as snails that creep,
And even some have pass'd reports,
He walks his rounds asleep.
If to the town he's little use,
He's useful still to me;
Sae I'll tell my grannie magistrates
If they'll not let me be.
Sae I'll tell, &c.

What can I do among the crew,
They're damaging my name;
I tried reporting as a means
To raise my sinking fame.
'Tis all in vain, I fear, ere long,
All will be up wi' me;
Sae I'll tell my grannie magistrates
If they'll not let me be.
Sae I'll tell, &c.

THE DEIL'S I' THE LASSES O' PEARITH.*

Written for the Anniversary Dinner of the Officers of the Penrith Union, December 30, 1845.

THE Deil's i' the lasses o' Pearith,
For navvies they're aw ganan mad;
Sin Sandgeate is full o' thur fellows
Each lass hes forsaken her lad.
And how it will end we're aw fearin'
The winter wark summer will show;
For quarrymen, masons, and navvies,
At Pearith are now aw the go.

We've Connought and Derrynane paddies,
The rale nate boys o' the sod—
Dan's pisantry, "pride o' the warl"
For han'lin' a shovel or hod.

* This song was written during the time of making the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, when so many navvies were in Penrith, and were in the habit of leaving women (not wives) and children to be maintained at the "Parish expense."

Wi' Heighlanmen, Manxmen, aud Lankies,
And Scotchmen frae north o' the Tweed,
We've got sec a crew here amang us
We'll never get shot o' the breed.

There's Sukey, the proud manty-mecker,
To luik at a navvy thought sin,
Nae matter, she's meade yen a fadder,
And up at Slee's palace* laid in;
And Middlegeate mumping auld Matty,
That's scarce got a tuith in her head,
If 'twas not for drops wi' the navvies,
This winter she thinks she'd been dead.

In Sandgeate there's auld dying Keattie,
Whase yeage is about sixty-five,
Declar'd the last neet to our doctor
The navvies had meade her alive;
Our little dark nurse, bad as ony,
In thoughts o' the navvies is full,
And shouts out at neets, when she's sleeping,
"I'll gan wi' the navvies, I wull."

* Workhouse.

E'en weddet are not seafe amang us,—
They're weel off that hes not a wife,—
For if they live nar where there's navvies
They meet be a cuckold for life;
For sure wives and maids are bedeivil'd,
And lost if they ever had sense,
We fear for the ruin o' the creatures,
But mair for the parish expense.

THE JERRY.

Last neet we went down to the Jerry,
And faith a rough gathering was there,
We saw in their airs, limping Harry,
Sam Green, Lanky Bell, and Dick Weir;
Dick Gill and Rough Robin the miller,
Jack Brown, Simey Wise, and Tom Wright,
And Scotch Watty jingling his siller,
Mair ready to fratch than to feight.

Tom Watt, wi' his nose o' carbuncle,
Wi' visage disgusting to see,
Whase coat will be sent to "my uncle"
Before he can finish his spree;
Jim Winter and Sandy the potter,
Aw cover'd wi' tatters and dirt;
Rob Roughhead, that smells like an otter,
Without owther stockings or shirt.

And warst of aw, winking Will Wallace,
Who's oft stown a purse in a fray,
His due is the hulks or the gallows,
Or free sail o'er the seas far away;
And there they were selling and buying,
With cheating and swapping auld nags;
And there they were swearing and lying,
And characters tearing to rags.

Then they began frying and stewing,
And tried whae the most tripe could eat;
But suin they were belching and spewing,
And emptied their bags on their feet:

They staid while their week's weages lasted,
And drank till aw round them was blue;
Their hard-earned cash was aw weasted,
And clease aw bespatter'd wi' spew.

The landleady's pocket seemed bulky,
The drunkard's were empty o' cash;
I notic'd her gloomy and sulky,
She said they were naething but fash.
The Jerry lword geap'd and was drowsing,
And seem'd to be sick of each joke,
Then rose up and stopp'd their carousing,
And Jerry-like told them to walk.

JOE IREDALE'S YEL.

Let Englishmen brag o' their rum frae Jamaica,
The French o' their brandy, auld port, or champagne;
The Scotchman may trump up his sense-stealing whisky,
A flame to the stomach, a thief to the brain.

Scotch talk as ye will o' yer sure-killing puzzen,
And tell o' its virtues o' bearing the bell;
But give me a bottle to cuil my parch'd throttle,
A soul-stirring draught o' Joe Iredale's yel.

Yon lal struttin' puppy, the vain dandy brewer,
May praise round the county his drug water wash;
But now it's weel known he's the king of aw leers,
And his physic yel is the vilest o' trash.
But Joe's yel, like brandy, needs nae yen to trump it—
Just caw for a quart, it will speak for itsel;
In spirits 'twill raise you, but ne'er meck ye crazy,
For malt is the drug o' Joe Iredale's yel.

If ye be a lover, and want words to tell her,
Ye'd speak a fresh tongue wid a drop in yer e'e;
Or should ye e'en differ by teastin this liquor,
A pot o' Joe's best will suin meck ye agree.
'Twill cure, like magic, aw macks o' disorders,
E'en some that has capt our auld doctor his sel;
Our priest, in his sarmin, paints sin mair alarmin'
When he is half full o' Joe Iredale's yel.

RANDY MALLY TALLYHOUN.

Ye've heard o' Bet the Bandylan,
And durty Nan, the parish clash;
But we've a gipsy creature here,
In vice will bang them aw to mash:
For lees, or fratchin', or a feight,
She's lang reign'd queen of aw the town—
There's ne'er a tinker jade can match
Wi' Randy Mally Tallyhoun.

What can the worthless creature think?—
Her ill-bred bairns will ne'er dui weel;
She's learn'd them nout but impudence,
And brong them up to lee and steal:
To burn they've stown a garden yeat,
And stript o' sticks the fiels aw roun—
There's better, far, sent ower the sea
Than Randy Mally Tallyhoun.

At mworn, to exercise her tongue,
Wi' some yen she mun hev a fray;
At neets, 'mang canting hypocrites,
Wi' upturn'd e'e, she'll grean and pray.
Ere lang her clatter, lees, and clash
Will banish aw the neighbours roun;
For neane can ever live at peace
'Seyde Randy Mally Tallyhoun.

She sent her bairns oft out at neets
To turnips, beans, and carrots steal;
And after dark the imps were catch'd
Oft bringing leads frae Dickey's fiel.
O wad some sen' the filth to jail,
And o' the randy clear the town,
In peace ageane we'd then live free
Frae Randy Mally Tallyhoun.

THE PONY TOM.

We've been together lang, Tom,
But part we mun at last,
Want with its gloomy shade, Tom,
Our heame has overcast;
The friends who promis'd fair, Tom,
Are false and from us fled,
And those we truly lov'd, Tom,
Are number'd wi' the dead.

We're shun'd by rich and poor, Tom,
Friends foes we've lived to see,
E'en vagrants pass us by, Tom,
That bow'd to thee and me;
They caw nae mair to beg, Tom,
The real cause o' that,
They ken what I've to spare, Tom,
Will scarcely feed the cat.

Alas! help there is neane, Tom,
Another's thou mun be,
'Tis "poverty, not will," Tom,
That makes me part wi' thee;
Had I but kent in teime, Tom,
The falsehood there's in man,
Thou still wad been my awn, Tom,
Wi' money, house, and lan.

It yet had been aw reet, Tom,
If I'd my money back
Frae slape leet-finger'd Clockey, Tom,
And that infernal quack;
To take frae thee or me, Tom,
Whae's nearly to the door,
Is like their mate in crime, Tom,
That robb'd the parish poor.

The loss I will get ower, Tom,
If I but keep my health,
I wad not have their conscience, Tom,
For aw the warl's wealth.

The teimes will turn, nae doubt, Tom,
Though fortune on us low'r,
And those who robb'd the poor and me
Will be themselves as poor.

Though my best days are geane, Tom,
Wi' chances I have had,
And thoughts o' by-geane follies, Tom,
Are like to drive me mad,
Yet I'll make a resolve, Tom,
And by that I will swear,
That evil drink, on ruin's brink,
Shall weet my lips nae mair.

In parting now wi' thee, Tom,
What reconciles my mind,
The lady whase thou'll be, Tom,
To thee will still be kind;
While hers thou'll never want, Tom,
Thou'll suin get full and fat
If half the care's bestow'd on thee
She's for her dog and cat.

When thou's amang the rich, Tom,
And I infirm and poor,
Oft I'll sigh to see thee, Tom,
Gang trotting by the door;
My greatest fear will be, Tom,
When thou's of little use,
That thou may change thy heame, Tom,
And get some brute's abuse.

If fortune then prove kind, Tom,
My daily prayer will be,
When thou art auld and frail, Tom,
Thou may return to me;
Then work thou shall nae mair, Tom,
Thy life shall smoothly pass,
Thy food shall be o' haver, Tom,
And best o' hay and grass.

Thy stable shall be warm, Tom,
Wi' bedding o' the best,
And through thy latter days, Tom,
Thou shall then take thy rest;

Thou'll follow me ageane, Tom,
For pocket crusts o' bread,
And never mair we'll part, Tom,
Till yen's amang the dead.

THE YEOMANRY.*

AIR—"*Nae luck about the house.*"

Our noble troops o' Yeomanry,
Our fell-seyde grannie's pride,
The recword of our midnight rows,
Is spreading far and weyde;
Our drinking till the mworn appears—
Rum punch or Thackey Beck†—
Till round the room each weary weight
Is laid up like a seck.

* Only a limited number are here alluded to, who are in the habit of outstepping the bounds of temperance; taken as a body, the "Yeomanry" are a steady, noble-looking set of fellows, and an honour to the two counties.

† Penrith Old Brewery ale.

We cannot boast a Napier chief,
Nor deeds we've done abroad;
But each can boast o' eating beef,
An Epicurean load.
No medals we've for feighting Seikhs,
Nor Affghans at Cabool;
If we've not got the greatest praise,
We got the greatest fool!

Corunna chaps, and Waterloo,
Of daring deeds may tell,
Of how they fought and conquered,
And say what thousands fell;
O let them boast as noble acts,
Their limbs and lives to give—
If for our land 'tis fame to die—
'Tis better far to live!

We cannot get the General
To come to our review;
'Tis said nae mair up Sandy-geate
He'll march wi' sec a crew.

Old Captain Flash may lecture us,
And show how fields are won;
To stand till shot may gain a name—
'Twill save a life to run.

The men o' peace oft jeering say
We're nae use to the crown;
But publicans will aw admit
We're useful in the town.
Nae doubt our fell-seyde lasses think
It is a glorious show
To see the lads they like the best
Aw standing in a row!

But for their sakes, and country's too,
We'll heame to driving ploughs,
To thrashing out the corn for bread,
And feeding sheep and cows.
Nae mair will I the soldier play,
On Pearith fell to broil;
I'll serve my country better, far,
At heame in tilling soil.

BANDYLAN BET.

Big Bandylan Bet was bworn at Penruddick,
And brong up 'syde Wampool, a charity bairn;
At skuil she wad 'labour the lads aw about her,
But reading the gammerstang never wad learn.
Her thick tatty hair is aw leyke a ling besom,
And hings shaggy down owr her dun heavy brow;
Her rough yellow skin is aw like an Egyptian's,
Her tongue is as big as the swole ov her shoe.

Her mouth, when weyde open, wad freetin the deevil,
Wi' nwose leyke a tip-hworn, and tea cups her eyes;
Her teeth's leyke plat-breckers, her chin is aw hairy,
And add to her beauty, she's nit varra wise;
Her legs are leyke mill-posts, her feet's flat as flounders,
And leyke our aul Dobbin she's shept i' the weaste;
Her stays they wad meck a gud pad for a miller,
Till black of her feace she mun hae them ay leac'd.

Thus burthen'd wi' beauty, ere lang she gat weddet
To some silly man nae way nice o' his teaste;
Ere three weeks war owre she brack through luive's
shackles,
The man, widout marcy, then daily she'd beaste:
Frae breckfast he's sent leyke a dog i' the mworning,
She's kick'd at his shins till she's meade him quite leame;
He toils through the day, puir deyl'd body, heart-broken,
And at neet begins trimlin whene'er he sees heame.

Her tongue, when set gannin, is louder than thunder,
Nae fish-weyfe or tinker could e'er wid her fratch;
At feighting there's few or nin ever could bang her—
To crown her perfection, the deevil she'd match.
To finish her worth, she's a slut and a drinker,
The guidman's cwote, weaste-cwote, and breeches she'll
pawn;
He prays often Death to put end to his sorrow,
Or that Mister Deevil wad teck back his awn.

SUKEY BOWMAN.

WHAT! Sukey Bowman's gitten wrang,
Odd rots! the deil may teck her;
She wad wi' Keate to Carel gang,
And be a manty-mecker.
The thoughtless thing gat full o' pride,
And learn'd to strut sae nimmel,
Wud bag or basket by her side
For needle case and thimmel.

CHORUS.

Our guilty joys to grief's allied—
From bliss we're turn'd to mourning;
'Tis varra lang the rwoad o' pride
That never hes a turning.

Where'er she did a neighbour meet
Wi' e'en her puir auld mudder,
She never kent, when on the street,
If she'd some dandy wud 'er.

Her guid blue frock her auntie bought
She tuir't aw in a passion,
And said sec things were guid for nought,
They war now out o' fashion.
Our guilty joys, &c.

She thought aw country fwoke were daft,
But sackless, senseless noddies;
And often, dandy-lyke, she laught
At "sich poor vulgar bodies."
Auld Sib, whae knew the ways o' fate,
When Suke her silks was wearing
Ay clearly saw that suin or leate
It wad come till a hearing.
Our guilty joys, &c.

She suin forgot her sweetheart Jòe,
And aw her auld acquaintance;
But frae her pride she's now brought low,
And seighing in repentance.
The parish clash hes got to learn
(The vile ill-farrant randy)

That Sukey hes come heame wi' bairn
To some bit strutting dandy.
For guilty joys, &c.

Now Sukey's thoughts o' grandeur's geane,
And pleasures o' the city;
While ower her ills she sighs aleane
Wi' neane to show her pity.
Sae lasses be content at heame
Wi' yer awn truthful ploughmen,
Or ye may suin be brought to sheame—
Remember Sukey Bowman!
For guilty joys, &c.

NANNY TAYLOR.

We've lasses here there few can match,
There's Mary Brown and Nanny,
And Sally Greame, and Susey Bell,
Ann Young, and lovely Fanny:

They're flow'rs aw blooming out o' seet,
And yen owre aw I'll bail her—
The fairest, far, ov aw our town
Is lovely Nanny Taylor.

The lovely rose, the garden's pride,
The florist's cultivating;
In raptures poets tell its praise,
Its beauties overrating.
What is the rose? ye poets sing,
What is't? each boasting railer,
Oh! nought in sweetness to compare
Wi' lovely Nanny Taylor.

There's marks o' gudeness in her feace,
Her een aw breght and shining;
And in her bosom, void o' guile,
There's love and truth combining.
Where is the wretch wad dui her wrang,
Nor grieve to see ought ail her?
May he ne'er gain fair woman's love,
Nor smiles ov Nanny Taylor.

Bless'd is the youth, whoe'er he be,
Wi' this sweet lass beseyde him;
Assur'd ov her pure virgin love,
What ills can e'er betide him?
But if dishonour be his aim,
And in truth's guise assail her,
May care and sorrow be his lot,
Far, far frae Nanny Taylor.

DAN PATTINSON'S YEL.

AIR—"*Come under my pladdy.*"

I'D hev ye giv owre and drink nae mair brandy,
Nor rum, gin, or whisky, to puzzen the flesh;
Nor trash Lunnon porter that's brew'd about Kendal,
Nae mair weaste yer money on ony sec wesh:
But when ye are dry, just gan up to Matt Wulson's,
To sloken yen's drought, min, rare stuff he does sell;
When my heart is sinking, I rais't there wi' drinking
A full measure whart o' Dan Pattinson's yel.

Before his first weife's head was happ'd
He had agree'd to take her;
'Twas said she died before her teime
Through this vile mischief maker.
She shew'd her horns o' tyranny
When she became stepmother;
Yen o' his sons she banish'd quite,
A slave meade o' the other.

Ye'd think to see her ill-gean feace,
She'd fled frae 'mang the gipsies;
She rules her man wi' tyrant sway,
For lang she's worn the breeches:
She makes him act dishonest tricks
Wi' false bills at her biddin';
She's lang been caw'd the queen o' sluts—
Her house is like a middin.

Her hens upon the teable screak,
In concert ducks are quacking,
Till with their loud discordant noise
Yer head's in pieces racking.

To see her yard and filthy house
A scavenger wad sicken;
Oft frae her tuithless screw'd up gob
She feeds a clarty chicken.

Her stepson, when he was a boy,
For some years grew nae bigger,
Sloan-like was fed wi' bits o' scraps
And crusts bought frae a beggar;
This gallows wretch and greedy slut
Lang with his life thus sported,
Till she got hints "if he should die"
She'd surely be transported.

Her Gwordy, though a silly man,
For lang was caw'd a rob-shop,
For niffling money frae the till
When he stood in a club shop:
When trusted there, ere lang he pruiv'd,
A base dishonest sliper;
To seave his treading on the mill
His bondsmen paid the piper.

This henpick'd sumph has pruiv'd an ass
To take a weaver's cest-off,
And wrang his sons, to this vile filth
He's meade aw he's possess'd of.
Sae when her moping silly man
By death is call'd to leave her,
Wi' iron grasp she'll seize his gear
And dance off to the weaver.

FELL-SIDE BEAUTIES.[7]

We've twee fell-seyde beauties hev riches for ever,
Beath houses and onsets, stock, money, and lan;
They hev full and plenty, and nought there's a wanting,
Save summut they lang for—that's outher a man:
But as for their beauty, they've lal if they've ony—
Their lank cheeks are swarthy, their eyes are unclear,
Their mouths are quite weyde, and their tongues are girt slappers—
What then, it's nae matter—they've plenty o' gear.

Whene'er they're at Brampton, at fair, or the market,
They sysal about leyke geese nick'd i' the head;
Then heame they are setten by fuils out o' number,
Wha think to gain wi' them their life's daily bread.
They've farmers, they've millers, sheep-dealers, and tailors,
And lairds fortune hunting by scwores they come here;
They've got lal to luik at, but ay summut whispers,
What then, it's nae matter—they've plenty o' gear.

They stoep i' their walking, leyke stegs amang heather,
And stare at a stranger till he's out o' seet;
They say they hev got but lal skuiling or manners,
But what can fwoke larn, that is nit varra reet?
Wid aw their great fauts they're a prize for the needy,
Wha luik at nae seyde but the yen that is clear;
For aw they are fuilish, proud, awkward, and lazy,
What then, it's nae matter—they've plenty o' gear.

WORTHLESS STRANG.*

THE Upper Hill beauty is ay yet unweddet,
Sae Lanty buck at her, nor langer delay;
F'woke say a faint heart never gain'd a fair leady,
Thou's nobbet leyke mony sud she say thee nay:
She's got lots o' money, she's fair as the rwoses—
To see sec a flower unenjoy'd is wheyte wrang;
Sae heaste and mec ready, 'twad shem the heale parish
To let her be teane wud a gipsy leyke Strang.

She's fuilish and thoughtless to nwotish this fellow,
When sowores o' rich lairds for her seigh and repeyne,
For he is just e'en the offscum o' the county,
There's nit a yen honest in aw his whole keyne.
Their crymes out o' number are weel known at Hesket,
Nit yen o' his kin's but weel wordy a hang;
To aw our heale parish their neames are a terror,
'Twill e'en flay the bairns if ye mention but Strang.

* The above song, in a great measure, is imaginary.

'Tis whuspert about how they've lang meade a living,
Last year it com out yen had tean the heighway;
But suin he was sent to thief's college at Carel,
And shipp'd wi' some mair o'er to Bottony Bay.
I think the puir lass is just warse nor bedeivel'd,
She'll see through her folly befwore it be lang;
Her friends wad far rather hear tell o' her berring,
Ay, twenty teymes owre, than her wedding wi' Strang.

I' fruit teymes o' summer he oft play'd the truant,
To breck fwoke's worchets when he went to skuil;
Sin childhood he's ay been a thief in his nature,
And scarce knows his letters, the ignorant fuil;
Sae her thy hand offer, and seave her frae ruin,
And if thou succeeds that ill tuil for to bang,
A stave thou wilt hear how I'll lift at thy wedding,
And drink oft confusion to rascals leyke Strang.

LOVELY SALLY LOWTHER.

Air—"*Corn Riggs.*"

A SWEETER lass I never saw
Than I met in yon valley,
A wading through the drifts o' snow,
Blin Will the beggar's Sally:
Wi' feace mair fair than ony rwose,
Or pinks, or lilies outher;
The fairest flower that ever blows
Is nought to Sally Lowther.

Her locks are black as ony crow,
Her shape the form o' neatness,
Her breasts are white as mountain's snow,
She's all the power o' sweetness.
Our sarvant Ned she wunnut wed,
Nor Joe the thrasher outher,
Nor theeker Dick, though beggar bred
Is lovely Sally Lowther.

If such a yen could I but see
  Within the sphere I'm moving,
I'd count my state a bless'd degree,
  With yen sae fair and loving;
Or had I been a tinker loon,
  Wi' budget, tin, and souther,
Aw day I'd work, at neet lie down
  'Mang straw wi' Sally Lowther.

Thus bless'd we'd live, from cares exempt,
  And round the country wander,
And look below with mere contempt
  On wealth's vain gaudy grandeur.
For riches now I value not,
  Nor fortune's favours outher;
Give me but peace within my cot
  Wi' yen leyke Sally Lowther.

ANN O' HETHERSGILL.

THE fairest maids o' Britain's isle
'Mang Cumbria's mountains dwell;
Sweet budding flowers unseen they bloom
By muirland, glen, or fell.
An yen, the fairest o' them aw,
My heart could ne'er be still,
To see her at the kurk or fair,
Sweet Ann o' Hethersgill.

Her feace was leyke the blushing rose,
Her heart was leet and free,
Ere she had felt the world's cares,
Or love blink'd in her e'e.
This fair bewitching feace wi' love
The hardest heart wad fill;
The flower o' aw the country seyde
Was Ann o' Hethersgill.

She cheerful wrought her warday work,
Then sat down at her wheel,
And sang o' luive the winter's neets,
Ere she its pow'r did feel:
And at the kurk, on Sunday mworns,
Nane sang sae sweet and shrill;
The charming voice abuin them aw
Was Ann's o' Hethersgill.

But she saw Jock at Carel fair,—
She nae mair was hersel;
She cudna sing when at her wheel,
And sigh'd oft down the dell.
Jock is the laird o' Souter Muir,—
He's now come o'er the hill
And teane away his bonny bride,
Sweet Ann o' Hethersgill.

CHARLIE M'GLEN.

Lal Charlie M'Glen, he was brong up a pedder,
A wutless bit hav'ril, a conceited yape;
He selt beggar-inkle, caps, muslins, and cottons,
Goons, neck'loths, and stockings, thread, needles, and tape.
'Tis whuspert by sleet-han' he's meade lots o' money;
His actions now pruive him the weale o' bad men:
He's guilty o' crimes that desarve him a gallows—
For biggest o' rascals is Charlie M'Glen.

Puir Bella, the weyfe, she's a decent man's douter,
And prays oft that Heaven wad give her relief;
She's e'en been bedeivel'd, leyke meast o' young lasses,
And claims to our pity, she's join'd till a thief.
A reace, fair, or market, he seldom yen misses,—
The Carel street-robbers he kens monie yen;
For burds of a feather they ay flock together,
And sae mun thur villains wi' Charlie M'Glen.

At Skinburness reaces he pick'd a man's pocket—
For slape-finger'd art he is equall'd by neane;
But he was o'erseen, and they seiz'd the vile sharper,
And fworc'd him to give back the money ageane.
At Abbey, last week, he fell in wi' Kit Stewart,
And crowns frae his pocket he got nine or ten;
But suin for that Job he was teane by the beaylies,
But money frae prison seav'd Charlie M'Glen.

He's seldom at heame, and his weyfe's kept in terror,—
At neets i' the lonnings he's seen at aw teymes;
A swindlin' rascal he's been frae his cradle,—
It's nit in yen's power to outnumber his crimes;
For he steals hens and ducks wi' thur neet-strolling fellows,
Oh! happy's the country that's clear o' sec men!
I whope that my lword, at the next Carel sizes,
Will ship o'er the herring-dub Charlie M'Glen.

LADY FAIR AT WIGTON.[8]

AIR—"*Borrowdale Jwohny.*"

At Wigton fair last, sec a show o' feine lasses
I never hae seen aw the days o' my leyfe,
They're young, lish, and bonny, hev cheeks red as cherries,
Fwoke aw sud gan there if they've want of a weyfe.
Let Carel fwoke brag o' their wheyte bits o' leadies,
Wid Abbey Holme beauties they ne'er can compare,
When dresst aw in wheyte, wid green veils and straw bonnets,
Alang wid stean'd horses to show at the fair.

Furst thing, Jacob Wulson frae 'bout Netherwelton,
Com here wid six douters in his tummel car;
Then scwores o' lish huzzeys frae Caldbeck and Hesket,
Frae Curthwaite com in, and frae aw far and nar.
Some butchers and barbers frae Carel we'll nwotish,
They war best at dancing, ay twenty to yen;
They'd sweethearts anew, but of that we'll lal mention,
For 'twad cause a dust if their weyves did but ken.

Says Jobson's lang Joe, let's gang up to Jwohn Atchen's,
We'll see lots o' spwort ye ken at the Half Muin;—
We fan Jenny Dalston wi' lal Betty Coulthard,
Says Joe ax them out, and I'll gang git a tune:
But Jenny, puir lass, hed just strain'd aw her ankle,
Sae we danc'd Betty Coulthard and lal Peggy Muir;
But Joe wad fain put in some steps Adams* larn'd him,
And doon, leyke a sleater, fell flat on the fluir.

We sat 'seyde the window, and luik'd at stean'd horses,
Says Betty yon brown on' belangs Wully Weir,—
It's strang bean'd, weel action'd, a famish fwoal-gitter,
For just the last season it cover'd our meare:
We tret them wi' peppermint, punch meade o' brandy,
We drank, danc'd, and chatter'd there while it was leet;
I set Betty heame aw the way to Kurkbanton,
And on the aul sattle we coddl'd aw neet.

---

* A well-known dancing master and violin player.

JENNY CROW.

We've lasses amang us wad bang aw the county,
For sense and for beauty there's few leyke Nan Greame,
Or lish Sally Simpson, Keate Young, and Jen Boustead,
And twenty as neice if I'd teime them to neame;
There's yen abuin aw, fwoke are ay fain to nwotish,
Her cheeks are sweet rwoses, she's fit for a show,
She lives wid her mudder, just near the tarn cottage,
The best o' the beauties is blithe Jenny Crow.

'Twas at Croglin murry-neet when I furst saw her,
She danc'd, and ay 'stonish'd and sheam'd monie yen;
There was nin but mysel she wad let sit aside her,
And fain I'd sit wi' her till life's whopes are geane.
If ever through Croglin ye happen to wander,
Teck my advice, ne'er at her cottage yence caw,
For if ye hed hearts that wad full a town yuban,
Ye'd nit hev yen left if ye saw Jenny Crow.

There's scwores o' font dandies been up here to see her,
Wi' gigs and post-horses, and clease nit their awn;
It's odd thur bit riffraffs sud study sec feyn'ry,
And hev things o' monie macks liggin i' pawn:
They mop'd out feyne words showing nought else but flatt'ry,
But sec was just useless, she suin let them know;
Pride ay was her scworn, and her heart was another's,—
Sin that they hae ne'er muckle fash'd Jenny Crow.

Last neet, at our duir, when Bet Brown and hur differt,
Sweet Jenny, gud lass, knew but laul how to scaul;
But I suin tuik her part, and caw'd Bet a weyld strumpet,
And did as I sud, pat her out o' the faul.
This neet I'll see Jenny ere naigs we've got fodder'd,
Though winter, I meyne nought o' win, sleet, or snow;
Ere neist month I'll stick a gowd ring on her finger,—
Her neame sal be Bell, and nae mair Jenny Crow.

THE BONNY QUEEN.

Written about the time of her coronation.

THE rose blooms fair in Corby's bower,
The lilies fair in valleys spring;
But Britons boast a fairer flower—
A sweeter maid nae bard could sing;
Her shining een are bonny blue,
And clear as Eamont's silver tide;
Her lips carnations wet wi' dew,
Her shape's to angel forms alli'd.

CHORUS.

The wily tricks o' woman kind,
Our bonny queen has yet to learn;
May she still from their faults be blind—
But stay—nor boast—she's but a bairn.

Long may she live to bless our isle—
Impartial justice be her care;
May peace and plenty round her smile
Is each true Briton's fervent pray'r.

May anguish ne'er her bosom pain,
Nor sorrow ever cloud her brow;
May peace of mind with her remain,
And ev'ry joy which bless her now.
The wily tricks, &c.

But cares and troubles rulers prove—
The world's ills on most await—
Fair queen with all a parent's love,
I tremble for her coming fate:
Though now she's innocent and gay,
Blithe as the lark that hails the morn;
Though bless'd wi' happiness to-day,
Ere lang may be wi' anguish torn.
Though wily tricks, &c.

JEAN.

AIR—"*Auld Lang syne.*"

JEAN, forty years hae flown away
Sin first I did ye see,
But yet, my douse and sousy deame,
Thou's ay as dear to me.
Oh! Jean, think on yon kurn neet,
When struttin' in thy preyme,
There's ne'er a lass is now sae neyce
As thou was yence lang seyne.

I meyne at Wulson's murry-neet
When thou sat on my knee,
Nae dout Dick Waters' heart was bad,
But we car'd not a flea:
When gannan heame thy han I gat,
A pledge to ay be meyne;
There's lal sec luive, Jean, now a days,
As we felt yence lang seyne.

Sin that sweet mworn to kurk we went
To join our hands for life,
Through Cummerlan there's never been
A happier man and wife.
We'll never mourn our humble lot,
Nor at auld yage repeyne,
Sae let me press thee to my heart
As oft I've duin lang seyne.

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS, SONGS, &c.

LINES

Addressed to Jemmy Macdonald.

Brave Jemmy Macdonald, my tried friend and true,
Who keeps worth and virtue with honour in view;
With thee there's but one fault thy worst foes can find,
For truth is thy guide, independent thy mind.

Thou'dst scorn a base action, by all 'tis allow'd,
To one act of meanness thou ne'er yet hast bow'd;
This fault then, to tell thee, my friend, I'll be free,
As most hearty fellows turn guilty with thee.

At fairs or at markets, when neighbours are met,
When "yel's growing better," the sun nearly set;
When at home, then your wives are long thinking you stay,
Thou'lt not be the first to say rise, let's away.

Though oft by experience, ere this, thou hast found,
'Tis home, dearest home, where true blessings abound;
And like me in sorrow, too well thou'rt aware,
The midnight's debauch brings a morning of care.

Through life's weary road it has ne'er been my lot
To taste sweets of home in my own rural cot;
But houseless, dejected, I'm doom'd here to roam,
And feel not, as thou might'st, the joys of thy home.

Behold the young drunkard, how old he appears,
A dotard in look, though a youth but in years;
How feeble his frame, with red eyes sunk and dim—
For the wealth of Golconda I would not be him.

With glass and cigar he'd the monkey display,
And drink others' healths till his own's drunk away;

Now where's his bright prospects, once pleasant to view,
To fame, wealth, and honour he must bid adieu.

When he'd health and riches he'd boast of friends true,
But where is there one for to comfort him now?
Should he enter an inn he's oft shown to the door,
For few will remember old cronies when poor.

'Mongst scenes of intemperance what thousands are lost,
As thou to their number may find to thy cost;
So turn whilst thou'rt able to Temperance Shore,
Where unalloy'd pleasures abound evermore.

We have our foes, Jemmy, there none is exempt,
But treat their false railings with silent contempt;
There's no mortal being but has friends and foes,
Give pardon to *these* and affection to *those*.

When slanderous puppies against thee combine,
Ne'er fear their revilings can hurt thee or thine;
Let truth be thy rudder, keep peace in thine eye,
And steer with clear conscience—the worlding defy.

When foes' stormy anger around thee does howl,
Return good for evil—'tis greatness of soul;
And when death's dread summons has called thee away,
"Here lies honest Jemmy Macdonald" they'll say.

THE HOUSELESS WANDERER.

They sing of homes, of happy homes,
From cot to painted hall;
Alas! I cannot feel their joy,
For I've no home at all.

No spot of earth to call my own,
My head no where to lie,
A wanderer in this world of care,
Dull sorrow's son am I.

The sheep that range the verdant plain,
The cattle of the field,
The farmer, 'gainst the winter blast,
For them prepares the shield.

The wild deer in the forest rest;
The bird to nest can fly;
Wolves in their coverts rest secure;
But, oh! no home have I.

Though I have bow'd submissively
To slave laborious toil,
Yet, Britain, still denied of bread
From thy productive soil.

'Twas ever so with grief and care;
My sand of life has run;
But, Lord of all, Thou know'st what's best,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

THE SINNER.

A CHARACTER.—Speak for thyself, and speak thus:

"Which way I fly is hell, myself a hell,
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide."
MILTON.

WITHIN my breast no virtues dwell,
In vice ne'er hell could fiercer burn;
If any friend e'er use me well,
I'm sure to curse him in return.

I glory in the wretch's fate,
My breast with pity ne'er could move;
I rather court a mortal's hate,
With all its weight, before his love.

E'en with myself I am at strife,
I curse the very earth I tread;
I'd rather change this tortur'd life,
Though certain to be damn'd if dead.

And always thus I pass my days,
My mind is ne'er in a tranquil mood;
Oh! could I but take better ways,
Refrain all vice, and turn to good!

THE CONTRAST.

"Had I to guid advice but harket,
I might by this hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank and clarket
My cash account,
While here half mad, half fed, half sarket
Is a' the amount."

BURNS.

The first eight verses of the following poem were written when the Author, then very young, had undertaken the unthankful office of Village Schoolmaster, and the remainder added when he had been several years a member of the Temperance Society.

I HAVE felt distressing hunger,
Too oft been in want, 'tis true,
But the care-worn ballad-monger
Never was so poor as now.

Poor deserving I've relieved,
Heartily felt for their distress,
And with joy my bosom heaved
When I fed the fatherless.

All mankind I counted brothers,
Felt a pain to disagree,
But the good I did for others
None would ever do for me.

All my friends have me forsaken,
I had some I thought were true,
But when want's me overtaken,
Where's their boasted friendship now?

I in vain crav'd their assistance,
Now, alas! I'm a thoughtless fool,
Forc'd to teach for mere existence
This poor ill-paid village school.

At night I to my cot retire,
There my tortur'd bosom beat;
Here's no fuel for my fire,
Nor e'en daily bread to eat.

'Tis not strange, for even merit
Pines in sorrow half alive;

While want sinks the noble spirit,
Hypocrites around it thrive.

But plain truth shall be my rudder,
Which has steer'd me up from youth;
I'll not act the wily brother,
But will live and die with truth.

Thus when we're to ruin hurl'd,
Never blame the real cause,
But false friends, deceitful world,
Not intemperance, worst of foes.

In the beer-shop, agitators
Nought so much as labour dread;
Falsely blame our legislators
When their children cry for bread.

Thus with ruinous notions haunted,
Thousands after phantoms roam,
In our state reform is wanted,
But 'tis ten times more at home.

Each moat-ey'd his ruler curses,
  But blameth not his wilful waste,
As we Bards, with doggerel verses,
  Blame the world for want of taste.

Now I feel distress no longer,
  Fled like magic want and care;
With heart's ease, and body stronger,
  I have plenty and to spare.

In my coat's no longer tatters;
  What has wrought this change in me?
Leaving spirits for pure waters,
  Alcohol for sober tea.

Now bless'd Temperance fills my coffer,
  I again the hungry feed,
What I've got I freely offer
  To deserving poor in need.

Drunkard! think, on life's brink sporting—
  Though destructive's murderous war—

If death's slower, 'tis more certain
At the ardent spirit bar.

So come weary while thou'rt able,
Thou may'st be as bless'd as I;
Shun the health-destroying table,
And to peaceful Temperance fly.

THE UNFEELING RICH MAN'S THOUGHTS.

For what are now poor people born
Since rich have grown so clever;
We've got machines to reap the corn,
And weave without the weaver.

The poor a nuisance have become
With filthy rags about them,
Just let them march to kingdom come,
We now can do without them.

What right have they to breathe the air,
The pure sweet breath of heaven,
When mountains high and valleys fair
To the rich man were given?

Their very breath the air pollutes,
As human we'll not own them,
It will be best—low filthy brutes—
To shoot, to hang, or drown them.

THE BREAD TAX.

Written previous to the Repeal of the Corn Laws.

"Give us day by day our daily bread."

Oh! Lord, Thy stewards of our land
Have disobeyed Thy just command:
We cry for food,—our cry is vain;
We pine in misery, want, and pain.

Each sordid ruler clearly sees
Our misery of miseries;
The mother's grief, the orphan's cry,
Yet they our daily bread deny.

Oh! Heavenly Father, Lord of all,
Denied on earth, to Thee we call;
Grant every weary son of toil
May share the produce of the soil.

And give to labour justice due,
That none may slave and hunger too;
Still free to all, we humbly pray,
Our daily bread give day by day.

LINES

Addressed to a Robin which the Author fed on his garden wall during the winter.

What, Robin, wilt thou leave me now?
The wintry storms are past—
The snow from off the mountain's brow
Is disappearing fast:

Again there's music in the wood,
Thy mate's on yonder tree;
The lark and thrush in concert join
In sweetest harmony.

Seek some retreat to build thy nest
In woodside bowers among,
And cease thy doleful winter chirp,
And tune thy summer song;
And when I walk at evening's hour
Along the shady lane,
I'll hear thee in the hawthorn bush
Pour forth thy plaintive strain.

So, Robin, go and leave me now,
I never can thee blame,
When all to me of humankind
Have ever done the same.
Pretending friends I us'd the best,
Who on my bounty fed,
When once I felt adversity
I found they all had fled.

It matter'd not whate'er they were,
  False friends or open foes,
They basely all combin'd to add
  Fresh burthens to my woes:
They stole my purse and left me poor,
  And now in life's decline;
They'd take from me what's dearer still,
  "Good name" and peace of mind.

But, Robin, thou'rt "not man but bird"
  From which we never find
Such proofs of base ingratitude
  As shown by humankind:
So join the vocal throng, and pass
  The summer months away;
I know thou'lt sometimes come at eve
  And sing thy grateful lay.

And when the wintry blasts return,
  And ice-bound is the rill,
Come to my garden wall again,
  And thou shalt have thy fill;

And through the storms of frost and snow,
My plain and humble fare,
Both thee and thy red-breasted mates
Are welcome still to share.

SPRING.

Written at the request of a sick friend who, like the Author, was "the victim of designing knaves" amongst the worst attorneys.

"He's now no more a victim to the snare,
That vile attorneys for the weak prepare;—
They who, when profit or resentment call,
Heed not the groaning victim they enthral."
REV. G. CRABBE.

THE spring returns,—around I see
The verdant shade on every tree;
With early flowers the valleys bloom
And sweetly morning's air perfume:
The hawthorn buds the hedge adorn;
The lark sings rising from the corn;
The thrush in Corby's woods among
In concert joins the morning song.

But what are all those scenes to me,
A heartless wretch in misery,
A prey to all who feign'd distress,
With none to make my trouble less?
Through life I've sat 'neath misery's wing
With seas of sorrow buffeting,
Till sunk at last beneath the waves
The victim of designing knaves.

I've often mourn'd my hapless lot,
And with experience I had got
Resolv'd I would more cautious be,
But caution was no use to me.
If I'd a life to lead again,
I doubt the lessons would be vain;
I ne'er could learn life's useful art
With this rebellious head and heart.

By day I dread the coming night,
And morn to me brings no delight;
I feel no pleasure here at home,
And find no peace where'er I roam;

Fair spring to me no joys impart,
Disease is gnawing at my heart,
And ere the leaves of autumn fall
I will have paid the debt of all.

THE PETITION

To the Queen of the Women of Cumberland (so-called) upon the subject of Nunneries, transformed into verse.

Respectfully, yer Majesty,
We humbly beg and pray,
Within yer realms that Nunneries
At yence be duin away.

Or give to Nuns free liberty
Wi' merry throngs to mix,
And be not hinder'd intercourse
Wi' *friends* o' *other* sex.

At errors o' a sister frail
We'd rather choose to wink
Than see her live a cloister'd Nun,
'Tis horrible to think.

Ye wad not Mistress Queen yersel
(Nae woman ever can)
Feel happy, though upon a throne,
Without ye had a man.

We hae commans to multiply,
The warel to increase,
The calls o' nature to obey,
A' teck a man apiece.

Meck laws, therefore, that Nunneries
Ye subjects may produce,
Or tax them with our fundelins*
If they this law abuse.

* Foundlings.

Just let our civil magistrates
Awhiles them get amang,
And then we'd rest content to think
Chaste Nuns they'd not be lang.

Nae doubt but that yer *just commans*
Aw gladly wad obey,
And for yer health and happiness
We will for ever pray.

NOTE.—Blame not, ye Nuns, our women fwoke,
They dinna wish to wrang ye,
'Tis thur auld amorous magistrates
Whae want to be amang ye.

SOCIAL CUP OF TEA.

I'VE felt the drunkard's flow of soul,
That health and strength impair;
I've linger'd at the midnight bowl
Which brought the morning care:

But now unclouded reason reigns,
Proclaims the captive free;
At home I hoard my little gains,
And drink my cup of tea.

To find the happiness of earth
Let thoughtless mortals roam;
'Tis on the temperate cotter's hearth,
With soberness at home:
There sits his happy smiling wife
With cherub on her knee;
Here he enjoys a peaceful life
With social cup of tea.

Ye Rechabites still brothers be,
May God your union bless;
What more demands our sympathy
Than brothers in distress?
Unite in love, and while I've life
My ardent prayer shall be,
That you and each teetotal wife
Ne'er want a cup of tea.

A CALM AND TEMPERATE MIND.

Tell me not of diamonds bright,
Or orient pearls so fair—
Gay sparkling gems to please the sight,
There's one more pure and rare;
Go seek it where the heart is true
Than pearls more rare to find,
This jewel is possess'd by few—
A calm and temperate mind.

The lily fair and blushing rose
Are victims of the storm,
Not long their brilliant beauty glows
The blasts their bloom deform;
But there's a lovely fadeless flower
Where love's with peace combin'd,
Unchang'd, it feels not winter's power—
The calm and temperate mind.

The peerless gem with virtue joins,
And friendship, love, and truth—
'Twill bloom as fair when life declines
As in our glowing youth;
The haughty fair may be caress'd,
But fails the heart to bind—
What's angel's form, if not possess'd,
With calm and temperate mind?

SONG OF THE EDEN RIVER.

My source is from the mountain's brow,
Pure crystal, bright and free,
The peasant lover breathes his vow
On verdant banks by me.
Fair are the scenes from whence I sprung,
Sweet maids bloom fairest there;
Free from art's false alluring tongue,
To plant corroding care.

From scenes of innocence and truth
I to the city glide,
Where I'm (to ruin unguarded youth)
With alcohol allied.
Drink me alone to banish crime,
And set slav'd drunkards free;
What ruin'd thousands mourn the time
They left off drinking me.

The idiotic, moping sot,
And filthy debauchee,
Must have their alcoholic pot,
No pleasure they've of me.
This poisonous drink's borne sovereign sway
Since Britain's grief began,
Though I'm ordain'd thirst to allay,
The proper drink for man.

PEACEFUL COTTER'S FIRESIDE.

I've seen the drunkard's dismal home,
And wretched children cry for bread;
I've heard him vow no more to roam,
And mourn to think the life he'd led.
I saw him kneel, in praising God,
With other temp'rate sons allied;
And thus he gain'd a bless'd abode—
A peaceful cotter's fireside.

As Sol's bright rays break through the cloud,
So smil'd his once neglected wife,
And sigh'd her grateful praise aloud,
To see his happy change of life.
I love to see the alter'd pair,
With virtue, love, and truth their guide;
And happy children blooming fair
Around their peaceful fireside.

I've seen those little cherubs bland,
Kneel side by side, at evening prayer,
Obedient to their sire's command,
And silently to bed repair.
I envy not the princely dome,
Nor rank of state, vain pomp and pride,
Give me but such a happy home—
A peaceful cotter's fireside.

THE REFORMED DRUNKARD'S ADDRESS TO RECHABITES.

Ye Rechab's, patriotic band,
Unite in love and sympathy;
Intemperance banish from our land,
And set the slave besotted free.

CHORUS.

No more I'll feel the drunkard's joys—
Dear are his midnight pleasures bought,
His lawless revelry and noise,
That will not bear the morning thought.

Too long I've been a fetter'd slave,
And horrors felt no tongue can tell;
I might have fill'd a drunkard's grave,
And prov'd his everlasting hell.
No more, &c.

Vile alcohol corrupts the earth
With broken hearts and clouded homes;
Its evil, pestilential breath,
With early victims fills the tombs.
No more, &c.

See the ragg'd drunkard, pennyless,
Low, filthy, mean as mean can be;
A wretch, the picture of distress,
A mass of vile impurity.
No more, &c.

Then come, ye philanthropists, come,
A brother's love the drunkard show;
Teach him to love his wife and home,
The temperate's paradise below.
No more, &c.

ELLEN O' THE DALE.

AIR—"*Jock o' Hazledeen.*"

Now night's dark shade obscures the sky,
The sun's sunk in the west;
The feather'd tribe to coverts fly,
Each to a place of rest:
And now draws on the trysted hour,
In that I'll never fail,
Wrapt in my plaid I'll cross the moor
To Ellen o' the Dale.

Her blooming cheeks are flowers in blow,
And sloe black are her eyes;
Her skin compares unsulli'd snow,
Or lilies fair outvies.
Ne'er grief nor care my heart can move,
Nor ghostly woes assail,
Bless'd with the pure unalter'd love
Of Ellen o' the Dale.

When I the lovely maid enfold
  Her glowing lips to kiss;
The miser o'er his heaps of gold
  Can never find such bliss.
These arms the charming nymphs entwine,
  I sigh my tender tale;
She in return vows to be mine,
  Sweet Ellen o' the Dale.

Within her bosom, void of art,
  Fair love and truth are there,
An artless mind, a feeling heart,
  She's good as she is fair.
I'll never mourn what Heaven has sent,
  Nor my low state bewail;
Poor in a cot I'll be content
  With Ellen o' the Dale.

THE MAID OF ELLENBIE.*

AIR—"*Cameron's got his wife ageane.*"

UNSEEN upon our Cumbrian moors
The loveliest maids in Britain dwell,
In native sweetness, blooming flow'rs
Are fairest far more near the fell;
But one o'er all, a flower in blow,
The fairest nymph I e'er did see,
She's chaste and pure as mountain's snow,
The lovely Maid of Ellenbie.

Each cheek a flowret fully blown,
Our garden's pride the rose outvies,
The sparkling dew at morning's dawn
Is like her shining azure eyes:
Oh! may her unsuspecting heart
Still be from woe and sorrow free;
Oh! may no vile deceiver's art
E'er blight the flower of Ellenbie;

Oh! may no care with haggard sting
E'er cloud her heavenly beaming brow,—
May chastity, with angel wing,
Still guard her pure as she is now:
If Heaven me e'er its favours grant,
I'll ask no more but wishes three—
Health, peace of mind—no more I want—
And the sweet Maid of Ellenbie.

COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.

AIR—"*Woodpecker.*"

How still was the night, and serene was the sky,
The moon in full splendour illumin'd all o'er,
As I, on the moor, to Ann's cottage did hie,
Where none the same errand had e'er been before;
In my fond beating heart love exerted her power,
As I hied to her cottage that stands on the moor.

Deception's dire aspect ne'er dar'd to approach
This cottage, whose inmate pure virtues adorn,
Remote from the city's school'd arts of debauch,
From vice's infection, midst mountains forlorn;
By innocent taught, there she passes each hour,
At the neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

To meet me she stray'd the lone hours to beguile,
On the moor, for no fears the true lover alarms;
She hail'd my approach with her wonted sweet smile—
Enraptur'd I clasp'd the sweet nymph in my arms;
Unseen by each mortal we enter'd the door
Of the neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

And then, oh! ye gods, ye might envy the bliss
I felt whilst around her my arms did entwine,
And seal'd my fond vow with a heart-feeling kiss,
Whilst she in return gave her pledge to be mine;
So in wedlock we'll join, and in joy spend each hour
At the neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

SONG, ADDRESSED TO A. BIRRELL.*

AIR—"*Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.*"

THIS night, my friend, we feel the flow
Of social glee's unsullied power,
But must reluctantly soon go,
For swiftly glides each fleeting hour.

CHORUS.

Then here's to every honest soul,
To e'en our foes I wish no ill;
The joys we feel while round the bowl
Those spiteful mortals cannot kill.

Let sorrow ne'er thy heart oppress,
Nor at thy humble lot repine;
May peace and love unite to bless
For evermore both thee and thine.
Then here's to, &c.

* It would have been better for us both this day if our meeting song had been "The Social Cup of Tea."

How often, at the midnight hour,
We've felt the soul of mirth and glee;
Care's healing balm, true friendship's power,
I ne'er could feel to one like thee.
Then here's to, &c.

The guilty wrapt in wealth and state
Have not thy worth, a truthful heart;
Fill up the bowl, nor count it late,
We'll have a bumper e'er we part.
Then here's to, &c.

THE FLOWER OF PATTERDALE.

An early production, (an imitation.)

Let florists praise each blooming flower
That in the garden grows,
Above the rest the lily fair,
And lovely blushing rose:

The rose may reign the garden's pride,
The lily of the vale;
Forlorn a sweeter blooms unseen—
The flower of Patterdale.

In all my weary wanderings
Far, far beyond the sea,
Her angel form of loveliness
Was present still to me;
And when upon the raging main,
Loud blew the bitter gale,
Hope shew'd among my native hills
The flower of Patterdale.

Among those scenes of early years
Together now we roam;
The fruits of our unalter'd love
Adorn our happy home.
No earthly cares can me annoy,
Nor life's dark woes assail;
Bless'd with the faithful nymph I love—
The flower of Patterdale.

JENNY CROW.

Loud o'er the heath the win' it blew,
The sheep were bleeting on the hill;
Eve o'er the earth its veil it threw,
And fiercely pour'd the gushing rill:
Its margin as I pass'd along,
I heard a voice replete with woe,
Then I descried some briars among
Poor broken-hearted Jenny Crow.

Her haggard looks, her alter'd mien,
Wad melt the most unfeeling heart;
A ghost, poor nymph, of what she's been,
A mark of man's deceptive art:
Her raven locks disorder'd hung
Down o'er her breasts, once white as snow;
A sweeter maid no bard e'er sung
Than once was blooming Jenny Crow.

She wildly on her Harry cried
"Think on the griefs I've borne for thee!
To love me, if thou'st been denied,
At least dar'st thou not pity me?
Remember 'mid Gelt's margin boughs
When this heart felt love's purest glow,
With winning art, and perjur'd vows,
Thou broke the heart of Jenny Crow."

She nightly to the barren moor,
Nor heeds the wind, nor winter's scowl;
Her floods of sorrow there will pour
To ease her gnawing tortur'd soul.
With careworn looks she onward stray'd
Towards her cot, with footsteps slow;
Oh! gracious Heaven, I sigh'd and said,
Relieve the griefs of Jenny Crow.

NANNY MORRISON.

(One of the Author's earliest productions.)

AIR—"*Cameron's got his wife agcane.*"

FORLORN near Eamont's verdant bower,
Where lovely maidens dwell unseen,
There Nanny blooms, our fairest flower,
With angel form and mind serene.
The fairest rose, or lily fair,
As e'er upon the sun has shone,
In purity can ne'er compare
To lovely Nanny Morrison.

An almond brown's her glossy hair,
Her lips carnation's coral glow,
Her cheeks the rose and jes'mine fair,
Her heaving breasts of mountain snow:
Fair is her heavenly beaming brow
Where haggard care ne'er mark'd upon;
None is so fair, with heart so true,
As lovely Nanny Morrison.

Ye angels, virgin guards above—
Oh! shield her with your heavenly care,
Nor e'er let falsehood cross the love
Of one so young, so good, and fair.
Let courtiers sigh for useless wealth,
And envy fortune's favour'd one;
Give me contentment, peace, and health,
And lovely Nanny Morrison.

LINES

Written on visiting Miss Blamire's Grave when a boy at Scotby school.

Beneath this sod the songstress sleeps,
Where flowrets bloom to mark the spot;
And at returning eve, each weeps
The fate of worth, too oft forgot.

Oh! Cumbria, much to thy disgrace,
That no stone marks her honor'd shade;
Her kindred—proud, presumptive race—
Ne'er deign to look where worth is laid.

The sons of merit see each bust
And marble tomb for fools and knaves;
Whilst some, neglected, sink to dust,
And often sleep in unknown graves.

No minstrels join in doleful lays,
Save birds that wake each joyful morn;
With them I'll chaunt her matchless praise,
The sweetest songstress ever born.*

LINES ON ROBERT ANDERSON,

The Cumberland Bard.

Behold our Bard in silent gloom,
E'en of his peace of mind bereft;
His looks bid welcome to the tomb,
He finds few friends in Cumbria left.

* This was my opinion when a boy; I may now say she was one of the best song writers Cumberland ever produced.

Ye worthy few, your aid I crave
To prop our Bard's declining years;
Nor let want haste him to the grave—
Oh! Cumbria! dry his falling tears.

In cot or hall each blooming maid,
'Twill yield you joy worth to relieve,
Reverse of those who promised aid,
But thoughtless Robin did deceive.

Ye rural swains poor Robin save,
Or death ere long will be his fate;
Then shame will o'er old Cumbria wave—
Worth's seldom known till over late.

NOTES.

1 *The following notice of the "Auld Maid's Letter" appeared in the "Montreal Transcript," America:—*

"We cut out the other day from the *Carlisle Journal* a poetical effusion of an old friend of ours, (The Auld Maid's Letter.) It will amuse our Scottish readers to see the close affinity between the Cumberland and the Dumfriesshire dialects.

"The language which prevails in the south of Scotland and the north of England, may be called the Anglo-Danish. The natives of those counties all understand each other perfectly, and their written language is the same; but the acute ear will detect the native of each particular county; for instance, the Northumbrian by his pronunciation, or rather non-pronunciation of the letter *r*, and the Gallowegian by his inability to pronounce the close *a*. This district may be considered to be bounded to the north by the valleys of the Forth and the Clyde; to the south, by those of the Humber and the Mersey. To the north, the language melts into Gael and the Finnish, till at Aberdeen it attains the height of human cacophony; to the south, it becomes pure Saxon; and in Staffordshire is totally unintelligible to any one who is not a native.

"It is only within the district we have named that the works of those who have written in its vernacular can be understood. On the English side of the border most of the authors have written in classical English—such as Paley, Law, and Langhorne. On the Scottish side, Scott, Burns, Hogg, and Cunningham have written in their native tongue; but unhappily for the fame of the latter, their audience though fit is few. Everybody can understand Ivanhoe and Count Robert of Paris; but how few, comparatively, can read the language of Douce Davie Deans or Manse Headrigg, or the immortal Ballie Nicol Jarvie? How many are there who can admire Burns's 'Beggar's Cantata,' with total inability to appreciate

'Tam o' Shanter?' We doubt that Burns's famous line 'Spak o' louping o'er a linn' would be understood by pure Gael or pure Saxon, though it combines both languages; and from the prevalence of the Anglo-Saxon dialect, the Anglo-Danish which has only an exceptional literature, is daily disappearing, until in a few years, in all human appearance, some of the greatest of mental efforts will virtually cease to exist, and the comedy and the poetry of the district be as unintelligible as the traits of the Welsh, or the hymns to Osiris."

2 *The following account of the "Worton Boggle" appeared in a local newspaper, along with the ballad, at the time the ghost story was making such a noise in the country:—*

"THE ORTON GHOST.—The strange and unaccountable rumours which spread throughout the country relative to this mysterious visitation led to various superstitious suppositions, and Mr. Rayson, assistant overseer, Penrith, regarding the whole story as an artifice, set out, accompanied by Mr. Benjamin Slee and some constables, determined, if possible, to solve the mystery. The particulars of the 'ghostly' doings were reported at length in our last week's paper, therefore recapitulation would only prove tedious. When arrived at the house, they began questioning the woman and servant girl as to where and how the 'unknown' generally commenced the revolutionary uproar. Of the ghost's labours they gave a truly formidable description, but in such a doubtful and complicated way that Mr. Rayson suspected the authenticity of the tale, and archly contrived, in the course of the inquiry, to perform several of the tricks so deceptiously that the woman and girl repeatedly exclaimed, 'O God, it's there again!' Mr. Rayson, in the meantime, was narrowly watching their movements, and eventually was so thoroughly convinced that the representation was fabulous, that he desired them to accompany him to that part of the house where they represented a sound was frequently heard like the note of a deep bass drum. He led the way, and kept a strict eye upon the manœuvres of the parties; the sound was presently heard, and he immediately accused one of the two of striking against the wall; however, they resolutely persisted in their innocence: he said denial was useless, as he saw a hand strike the wall, and he produced in their presence a similar sound, and the subsequent confusion of their countenances baffled their strongest efforts to appear composed. Mr. Rayson then proceeded to examine the material, and found it to be a thin temporary wood partition. He then, with his partners, called the girl aside, and told her that he had performed the tricks in the house without observation, and that he believed the whole was a concocted scheme; he next strongly represented to

her the immorality of circulating such stories, if without foundation, and she at length confessed that the presence of supernatural agency was only an adopted tale, that she had been prevailed upon by her mistress to assist in propagating the falsehood, and that they conjointly were the sole actors. Upon this being communicated to her mistress she fled, and the cause of such singular conduct remains for exposition at some future period."

3 It is to be regretted that the local Board have not more power. They are bound by the Poor-Law Act to obey the commands of the Commissioners who, until lately, refused to sanction out-door relief, whereby some of the most industrious were often driven into the workhouse.

"Those Poor-Law Commissioners have been invested with extraordinary and dangerous powers. They possess the united power of Queen, Lords, and Commons. Their most imperfectly considered resolutions have force of an act of parliament, or rather tenfold more force, it being their duty first to ascertain what ought to be the law, then to make the law, then to enforce, and then, after the lapse of time, to report upon its success or failure. It would be difficult for the wisest to exercise powers like those beneficially."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

4 Tom, the subject of the above ballad, was brought up by the author at his office in Penrith. "He was," says the *Kendal Mercury*, "decidedly a prince amongst cats, and no cat ought to have been more proud of his position. Unfortunately, however, he had a great predilection for a vagabond life. He left his comfortable home on the Beacon-side for the wild woods, where he lived for months together; and though he occasionally returned to see his old master, and made sundry promises of reformation, yet he ultimately became one of the most abandoned cats in the country." Poor Tom is no more, and a literary friend of the author has him stuffed, in a position which he was often seen in the woods, with a bird in his mouth.

5 I attended Burgh Races for the purpose of making the ballad, at the the request of the late James Steel, Esq., proprietor and editor of the *Carlisle Journal*. I wrote the song the same evening, after returning from the races, and took it down to Mr. Steel's residence. Mr. Steel, who had just arrived home, on reading the ballad, told me it would do very well, but I had missed the best act, which was performed by a drunken parson after I left, and gave me a description of his ridiculous performance. I took the song home again that night, and added the sixth verse, and sent it early next morning, when it was inserted in the *Journal*.—*From Note Book.*

6 It must be remembered that this song was written previous to Mr. Dunne becoming superintendent for the two counties; as a privileged reporter to the magistrates of Leath Ward, I can say that gentleman's management has given perfect satisfaction in that district.

The word "grannie" is used for no disrespect to the magistrates, some of whom are an honour to the bench; but as a late superintendent was in the habit of bringing such paltry charges before them, it was generally thought they had more than a grannie's patience to hear him.

7 Fell-side Beauties.—It is generally believed I here allude to two very respectable young women who, at the time of the composition of the song, resided on the fell-sides. I can only say as I did at the time, in a letter to the *Citizen*, a paper published in Carlisle at the time the song was written, before I knew such girls were then in existence. I very unthinkingly substituted Brampton for Wigton, which made people suppose I alluded to the girls in question.

8 Wigton Fair.—This fair is holden on the 5th of April, when the flowers of the Abbey Holme, a farming district, and those bonny rural lasses who reside among the neighbouring mountains partake of the diversions that this festive day affords. This day is also the first show of entire horses; and you may hear those lovely *Dulcineas* in a dancing-room window, talking of the merits of each horse, with the judgment of their grandsires. They parade the streets to attract the attention of admirers; and after being treated with cakes and punch by their several lovers, they are escorted home by the most favoured ones, who address them in "love's soft language" on the "auld settle" in some snug corner of the house till the return of morning.

9 The Maid of Ellenbie.—This lovely and accomplished young girl is the daughter of a friend of the author's, who resides near the western mountains of Cumberland, and not far from where the author taught a village school. She is but entered in her teens, and not the one who is generally believed to be alluded to by the writer.

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